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Toujours Amour.

Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin,
At what age does Love begin?
Your blue eyes have scarcely seen
Summers three, my fairy queen,
But a miracle of sweets,
Soft approaches, sly retreats,
Show the little archer there;
Hidden in your pretty hair;
When didst learn a heart to win?
Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin!

"Oh?" the rosy lips reply,
"I can't tell you if I try.
'Tis so long I can't remember:
Ask some younger lass than I!"

Tell, O tell me, Grizzled-Face,
Do your heart, and head keep pace?
When does hoary Love expire?
When do frosts put out the fire?
Can its embers burn below?
All that chill December snow?
Care you still soft hands to press,
Bonny heads to smooth and bless?
When does Love give up the chase?
Tell, O tell me, Grizzled-Face!

"Ah!" the wise old lips reply,
"Youth may pass and strength may die;
But of Love I can't foretoken:
Ask some older sage than I!"

—E. C. Stedman.

A First Hearing of the "Egmont" Overture (1845.)

We waited with trembling expectation for Beethoven's Overture to "Egmont" to begin; so powerful a hold had it acquired upon us in a mere piano-forte arrangement, that to hear it announced for a full orchestra was like hearing that the friend had arrived, whose great soul you had long owned and loved through letters. It could not but be grand, however poorly performed, to one already imbued with it. What a perfect overture! how truly Egmont, and how thoroughly Beethoven's! An overture in the strict sense of the word; for it opens the gloomy page of history which follows in the play; it is a condensation of all that is to follow; it transports you to the place and time when such things could be facts; it colors your bright, every-day consciousness down to the sombre back-ground which befits the stern apparitions that are to play before it; it sends the tremulous heart-beat, the vague involuntary apprehension through all your nerves, till you are prepared for scenes in which the very air quaked with fear. All the terror, all the love, the wild commotion, the swift fatality, the grotesque contrasts of breathless tragedy and uproarous mirth, with which Goethe has known how to form a living picture of the dread entrance of the Duke of Alva into the Netherlands in the times of Philip II., are reproduced and anticipated in this wonderful music, and thus become emotions with the hearer before

they pass before his eyes and thoughts. Music enacts the drama within you. It drowns out of memory all that could distract you from the world into which Art would introduce you; effects your complete deliverance from the tyrannizing presence of actual things about you; steeps you, as it were, in the atmosphere of the play, and then it is the fault of the poet if you lose any of his poetry. This is the true function of an Overture. And in this Beethoven has succeeded as no other could. He has actually translated the whole play into that short piece of music; he had felt it till it became assimilated with his own essence, till it became fluid again, and he could create it anew in a form of music. O! for a performance worthy of it.

We were disappointed; the public of course, were disappointed, who depended on the performance wholly for their conception of the piece. Whata night-mare it gave one, to sit amid a dead, indifferent multitude, when music so intense, so deep, so grand, so crowded with the hurry and the passion of life, was actually being performed! Why was it? Because the orchestra did not understand it; had not attained to anything more than a mechanical execution of it, each playing his part for himself, without feeling all the other parts; and chiefly because it was played altogether too fast. This is the common mistake with all our orchestras, especially when they undertake Beethoven. It is true that the expression, the sentiment of the Egmont overture, is rapid, fearfully and fatally rapid, like the tragedy of Macbeth. It allows the mind no pause, but rushes to its consummation. It is a very natural and childish mistake to think to represent this rapidity by playing fast, by starting all the instruments on a steeple-chase, helter-skelter, fast as you can, and all come out together. Even if they do get through it without breaking rank and file, it is an awkward business at best; the thought of the awkwardness fills them, instead of the great conception of the composer. Not so does he put energy and fire into his piece; not by such obvious, *simplistic* methods, does he create in the hearer's mind the sense of rapidity; but by a subtler and deeper art; by an appeal to feelings, by quickening thought,—not fiddle-bows and elbows,—by a judicious poetic development of his theme. The swiftest time in music may check all motion of the hearer's imagination; as the hardest blowing or thumping of the instrument may utterly fail of power. There is a secret about these effects which Art can only learn by reverent and patient study of Nature. A poem may be written in slow, stately verse, which shall impart to the mind the speed of a race-horse or a whirl-wind. No one would think of reading Macbeth any faster than is consistent with the ease and dignity of good delivery; and yet how swift the bloody drama sweeps you away, in its arms of Fate, to its

close. Depend upon it, Beethoven, too, will bear a tempo moderate enough, even in his dizziest "*raptus*," to allow our dull, physical ears and nerves to catch the full sound of his mighty chords and weigh them one by one, ere they have flown by forever. His masses are too great to sacrifice any of the grandeur of their movement to a quickness that does not quicken; there is a certain repose about great things which will not let itself be run away with.

Undoubtedly, the time of this overture is rapid. But there are limits to all things. An object may fly past you so swiftly that you will not see it; nor is the ear less subject to such limitation. It is said that the rate of the different kinds of musical movement has become accelerated uniformly, and still tends constantly to gain; that which was once Allegretto is now Andante, &c. Hurry, we know, is the tendency of the times in all things; and why not, too, of measured time, in music? But whatever the bustle here below, the stars keep on their quiet round, and the Gods lose not their serenity. Art is the Olympus of this work-day world; its great master-spirits are stately and self-poised, and independent of the whirl. Caricature them not by making them march to the double quick time of your restlessness.

Besides the feverish spirit of the age, there is another reason why the musical chronometer keeps gaining. It is the fashion of Solo-playing. "Virtuosos" have it their own way; their aim is to astonish; their study to master the greatest difficulties, and bring out hitherto unknown capacities in their instruments. The music must be written accordingly; the public taste has been so long pampered by it, that now men go to concerts with set purpose to be dazzled and astounded, and not for any deep enjoyment, or lasting influence. The piano, for instance, must do the impossible, and represent a whole orchestra, speak through all its octaves at once. This cannot be done by simultaneous strokes with one pair of hands; the natural recourse is to lightning-like rapidity of successive strokes; swift runs, arpeggios, and tremolos, by taxing execution to the utmost, leave the ear so little space betwixt note and note, that a great breadth of tone results which you would scarce suppose one instrument capable of. But in the orchestra, and in great choirs, there is no occasion for such arts as these; there, great effects require not to be represented, because they actually exist; the spaces need not to be imitated in fresco perspective, as in some of our churches, because they stand there bodily. Certainly, a respect is due to great classical compositions; and when they come upon the stage, they should come to give law, and not to receive it; for are they not greater than all we have now? Is not Beethoven the source whence many an arrowy mountain stream, like Liszt, and many a shining mill-fall, like Thalberg, and many a jet-

d'eau of Ole Bull's and Paganini's, to say nothing of numberless canals, derive their waters? Let them rush to glory as they will; but when they lead us to their spring, their master, we would see it well up calmly, strongly, as its own force impels, as it would if they were not. Why must the grand old masters be whipped into unnatural speed by the fiddle-bow of every modern concert-master, and made to serve an end for which they never wrote, the gratification of a public before which they would not have condescended to appear? J. S. D.

J. S. Bach's Passion of St. Matthew.

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

Concluded from page 114.

Allusion has been made to the recitative, "O grief," which is succeeded by the aria, "With Jesus I will watch and pray," for tenor, with chorus. In this and all the accompanied recitatives there is not the freedom for the singer which mark those of Mozart and Beethoven, and some—such as "Deeper and deeper," in *Jephthah*—of Handel. Bach's are rhythmical declamations exacting the highest dramatic powers of the vocalist, but denying to him the liberties that mostly belong to recitative singing. The solo phrases constitute the interludes to the choral, which is here given with the verse beginning "Why must Thou suffer?" Its melody is slightly varied, so as to make the more gentle its expression of the touching sentiment, and such variation may indeed be called embellishment. The resolve set forth in the aria, to excel in devotion the three chosen apostles, and to watch ever with Jesus, is beautifully relieved against the phrases for chorus, "So slumber shall our sins befall," the rocking motion of which has a soothing, lulling effect, that realizes the sweetly calming influence of prayer. The wondrous harmonies of the recitatives, the double counterpoint to the first phrase of the aria, and the chromatic progressions in the phrase that ensues, must be studied to be understood, and heard to be admired.

The most picturesque piece, perhaps, in all the oratorio is that which ensues on the capture, "Alas! my Jesus now is taken." It begins with a duet for soprano and contralto, in which the counterpoint of soft instruments, without basses, is intricately interwoven with the plaintive vocal phrases. These are from time to time interrupted by the exclamations of the chorus, "Leave Him, bind Him not," with the accompaniment of basses, organ, and all the force of the opposite orchestra. The movement ends with a half close preparatory to the fiery outburst of the succeeding allegro, for double chorus, which, opening in a different key from the commencement of the piece, concludes in that of the beginning; and so its termination rounds the whole into just completeness, after a course of seemingly wildest freedom. Amazement that all nature was not convulsed, that the eternal laws were not suspended, that the end of all things evened not upon the impious insult to the Son of Man, is expressed better in the music than in the words beginning, "Ye lightnings, ye thunders." Its indescribable power of excitement might exhaust itself were its character unvaried; but at the words, "Burst open, O fierce flaming caverns of Hell then!" after a pause of silence, a newly introduced idea proclaims the indignance of the Christian world at that enormous deed of which the obloquy of all time is the retribution.

The portion of the Oratorio designed to succeed the sermon, the second part according to the usage of concert performance, opens with a solo for contralto, with chorus, "Alas! now is my Saviour gone." Herein Zion, or the Church, mourns over the lost Jesus, and the Faithful, half enquiringly of its cause, half consolingly for its pain, muse on her deep affliction. It has the form of a dialogue be-

tween the solo voice and the chorus, and the distinct character of the two is always obvious, the latter having the air of solace to the keener anguish of the other. The pathetic effect of the piece is heightened by its fragmentary termination.

Thus prepared, we have now the scene before Caiaphas. At the words, "And Jesus held His peace," is inserted the recitative, "To witness false," for tenor, as a commentary on the situation.

"O pardon me, my God," is the aria for contralto, with accompaniment for violin *obbligato*, which is more generally known than any other separate piece. It occurs after Peter's three-fold denial, when his bitter weeping tells the torture of his self-conviction. The deep, deep grief of a tormented conscience finds here an utterance which fulfills the purport, and far transcends the expression of the words. One might suppose the power of the artist to have been concentrated upon this one incident, so infinite is its beauty; one might suppose Bach to have regarded the situation it illustrates as more significant than others of man's relation to Deity in his sense of sin and need for mercy, and as requiring, therefore, peculiar prominence in the total impression the Oratorio should convey. If this was his aim, it is all accomplished. The penitential feeling embodied in the song is that which will longest linger in a remembrance of the work. The soft tone of the contralto voice, and the keenness of that of the violin, are accessories to the effect which the master well knew how to handle; but these judicious means are little to be considered in comparison with the musical idea of which they are the adjuncts.

The soprano recitative, "He hath done only good to all," constitutes the reflection upon Pilate's inquiry, "What evil hath he done?" It recapitulates the mercies by which Jesus testified His divinity, and with the exquisite art elsewhere manifested in giving similar pointed meaning that would else be lost, the change of key upon the words, "Besides this, Jesus naught hath done," marks the purport with beautiful significance.

When Jesus is delivered over to be crucified, the narrative is suspended for the contralto recitative, "Look down, O God." The remarkable modulation from the key of F sharp minor into G minor that distinguishes the appeal for pity from the description of the taunting and scourging of the condemned Saviour, is another of those traits, which, as in the preceding song, test the artist and the special power of his art. Neither painting nor poetry has anything analogous to this beautiful resource in music, the power of showing an entire revulsion of feeling by an unexpected change of key.

The contralto recitative, "Ah! Golgotha," and aria with chorus, "Look where Jesus beck'ning stands," occurs after the account of the crucifixion. Zion points to the arm extended on the cross as the haven of rest for the Faithful, in a sweetly persuasive melody. The more than once repeated phrase on the words, "See" and "Rest" is one of charming tenderness, and the accompaniment, for low oboes and organ only, shares with the voice-part the interest of the whole. Once more, the interrogatives of the chorus here break the general stillness, and influence as much the material effect—for with them the full orchestra is introduced—as they bring out the expressive power of the music.

The recitative, "At eventide, cool hour of rest," for bass, is inserted in the Gospel narrative, where Pilate grants the body of Jesus to the request of Joseph of Arimathea. The purpose of the artist was gradually to calm his hearers from the excitement to which they had been wrought, and by means of a succession of soothing pieces, to dismiss them in hopeful, happy tranquility. Tending to this result is the effect of the choral, "When I too am departing," which is strengthened by that of the present song, and quite confirmed by the final

chorus. Allusion to the chief events in Scripture history that have befallen at the close of day gives scope for further coloring; but the variety disturbs not the softness of the hues.

The narrative closes with the sealing of the sepulchre, sequent upon which is the concluding piece, the recitative, "The Lord hath lain him down," and double chorus, "Around Thy tomb." The first movement is a series of passages, for each of the solo voices successively, divided by short phrases, for the chorus, the former reflecting on the termination of the Saviour's earthly troubles, which were the price of peace to man, and the latter breathing a sweet farewell to Him whose body is departed, but whose spirit rests with us forever. The purpose of bringing the oratorio by gentle degrees to so tranquil a close that the hearers may depart from its performance in a condition of perfect peace, is beautifully completed in the final movement. Death is imagined as sleep, and the tomb is the couch of rest, and the music is a lullaby invoking softest slumbers. It is a stream of melody of the most refined character and exalted beauty. One phrase of touching sweetness is set to the words, "Ruhet sanfte, sanfte ruh't" (Rest Thee softly, softly rest); and it derives special tenderness from the commencement of the first syllable upon an unaccented quaver, and its continuance with the effect of syncopation upon the next accent. This character of soft persuasion is lost in the English version, by the assignment of a separate syllable to each of the notes; indeed, the line, "Eternal peace be henceforth Thine," as addressed to the Saviour in the sleep of death, is perhaps anomalous, and as little represents the sense as the accents of the original. If the object of the proposer of the work was to impress the lesson that, however severe our ordeals, the Christian principle brings "peace on earth to men of good will," it could not have been summed up in language more penetrating.

If ever artist poured out his whole heart in his work, that certainly did Bach in the oratorio of the *Passion*. The man himself speaks and lives in every phrase of it, for such truthfulness, such fervor could not characterize any subjective treatment. Immensely much has to be accomplished before English audiences can do that justice to his wondrous composition which is only to be reached through familiarity with its beauties.

April, 1870.

Mendelssohn.

BY EDWARD SOBOLEWSKI.

[From the Journal of Speculative Philosophy, Oct. 1873.]

The beginning of this century boasted four distinguished composers: Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1808; Robert Schumann, 1810; Franz Liszt, 1811; and Richard Wagner, 1812. At that time Beethoven was already in his glory, and consequently the idol of every student of the art of music. The four masters before named, although very different in their inner nature, made no exception in this respect, but looked upon Beethoven as their "ideal" of composition. They climbed on, like cypress-vine and morning-glory, striving to excel each other, to that mighty tree which had grown in Haydn and Mozart's flower garden, yet no one of them reached the top.

Beethoven, having brought the old fashion of instrumental music to the highest pitch, suddenly departed from this known track of his art, and, with his last string-quartets and the *Missa solemnis*, vanished, for the majority of his contemporaries, into nebular world.

Even some celebrated composers, like von Weber, could not comprehend him, as is proved by Weber's criticism of Beethoven's A major Symphony. Mendelssohn and Wagner shared in this want of comprehension, as they have scarcely climbed higher on that glorious tree than the roses clustering around it.

Beethoven was fully understood by Schumann and Liszt, who, endowed with a very

fine spirit and rich imagination, took Beethoven's last style as their model, regardless of all other considerations.

The present sketch, however, begins, not with Schumann or Liszt, but with Mendelssohn, the oldest in years and style of these four masters, nearer to Mozart than any of the others, and therefore, perhaps, the most favored among them.

Mendelssohn's teacher in composition was Professor Zelter, at that time Conductor of the Academy of Music at Berlin, composer of various pieces of sacred music, and especially celebrated for his quartets for male voices. He, a man of the old school, who found in Handel and Bach the *ne plus ultra* of all musical art and science, had watched with great strictness over Mendelssohn's musical education, taking much pride in telling every one that Felix had composed hundred fugues under his guidance before he gave him permission to write free compositions.

These counterpoint studies were really of great advantage to Mendelssohn for his overtures, symphonies, and concert-music; perhaps too much so for elegant salon-music, yet not enough for oratorios. His fugues are indeed superior to those of Spohr, Schneider, Loewe—yes, even Beethoven's—in their oratorios; but they cannot be ranked near Bach's, Handel's, Lotti's, and those of other old counterpointists.

That sublime and powerful theme, "Rise up, arise!" in the oratorio "St. Paul," loses all its beauty and clearness in the midst of the fugue through its harmonic and modulating overburdening. Fugues are deprived of their beauty by this kind of modulation. If we make use of this ancient form, we must do it in such pureness as did the great Italian and German masters.

Weaker yet than "Rise up, arise!" are the final fugues of the first and second part of the same oratorio; but the solos, chorals and free choruses elevate "St. Paul" above all works of this *genre* ever written by his contemporaries. I prefer Mendelssohn's harmonizing even to that of Sebastian Bach, who, in this respect, as well as in the entire counterpoint art, is considered the greatest master. There are too many passing-notes in the harmonizations of Bach; Mendelssohn's, however, always show exquisite taste. Some esteem his oratorio "Elijah" higher than that of "St. Paul." As a latter production "Elijah" is indeed more powerful in its entire formation; but it is not so fresh, and for this reason "St. Paul" will always be more cherished by such as prefer vigor and spirit to knowledge and science.

Yet with these oratorios, and other sacred compositions of as good merit, Mendelssohn has neither commenced nor closed a new period in the art of music. Handel had done both before him. As Palestrina was the Alpha and Omega in his kind of sacred music, so was Handel in the oratorio. The artist belongs to the time wherein he lives. Genius is, in a certain manner, the outpouring of the general sentiment of the period in which it lives. An Ossian could not feel like a Byron, and neither he nor any other poet of modern times like the magnificent northern bard.

As an oratorio composer Mendelssohn cannot be placed above, or even equal with, his great predecessors, yet he was more successful in his concert-overtures than all older composers, Beethoven excepted. With these latter productions he introduced the new romantic school.

Some think they detect already in Weber's "Preciosa" and "Oberon" the beginning of this new departure; but Weber, although an original and tasteful composer of opera music, did not possess that thematical versatility which is attained only by the study of counterpoint and fugues. His finest musical thought seldom contains more than four measures, and is then succeeded by another thought; his compositions are replete with harmonic and instrumental effects, and beautiful melodies appear be-

tween them like flashes of lightning; but the critic misses musical conformity. Hence von Weber could never have given such an impulse to the whole art, and to all its disciples, as did Mendelssohn by his composition of "Summer Night's Dream" and "Fingal's Cave." Truly the last work is a master-piece in every respect.

The "Overture to Summer Night's Dream," in its form, still reminds us somewhat of Weber's "Overture to Oberon." The different themes appear as if forced together. As we find in Weber's Oberon overture first a little of the Elfs and their horn, then the Emperor's festival march, then in the allegro some of the quartets and the airs of Huon and Rezia—so in like manner does Mendelssohn proceed in his Overture to the Summer Night's Dream. Elf and peasant dance hand in hand, the delicate Titania mingles with the huge Falstaff. But the picture of Fingal's Cave is all unison. The listener requires no previous knowledge in order to understand what is before him. Music tells him everything. He hears the water singing wondrous melodies in the cave, producing in its conjunctions beautiful harmonies like those of an Aeolian harp.

As Mendelssohn owed to Zelter his thematical skill, so his instrumentation shows that here also the old Professor had worked, perhaps, less by instructing than by some well-timed sarcastic criticism. For instrumentation, like the melodic and harmonical part of music, is also an attribute of genius: it can be learned only to a certain degree, talent and genius must do the rest. To illustrate by an anecdote: Zelter, on one occasion, said to one of his students, "Why do you put trumpets and kettle-drums in this *Kyrie eleison*?" "I thought," answered the pupil, "they would have a good effect?" "What effect?" said Zelter, angrily; "do you not know that *Kyrie eleison* means, 'O God, have pity on me!' and are you going to cry for mercy to God with trumpets and kettle-drums? Why do you not with the same propriety take big drums and small ones, piccolo flutes and cymbals? they surely make some effect, too!" But you can do as you like; music is a free art, and you probably think you can justify such instrumentation by saying to a critic like me, "Heaven is far away above us, and God will better hear my prayer if I make a horrible noise in my *Kyrie*." But, I repeat, you can please yourself; nay, you may put a large ink-blot on your score—or on your nose, if you please; they are both your own!"

Especially was it Spontini, the composer of the operas Vestalin, Cortes, Olympus, Nurmalah, etc., at that time principal director of music of the Court of Berlin, whose instrumentation Zelter abhorred. Once while walking home from one of Spontini's operas (Nurmalah), where not only all kinds of trumpets, drums, tympans and trombones, but also thirty iron anvils, tuned in different keys, had clashed and thundered,—and, in passing the royal castle and hearing the great *tattoo*, an ensemble of bands, trumpeters, drummers, pipers, and horners, of the whole garrison, Zelter exclaimed to his friends, "Heaven be praised! after all this opera-noise we hear at last a little sweet music."

Such a *bon-mot* sinks often deeper into a young composer's heart than a whole course of instruction. Spontini had found already many admirers among the youthful artists who would extend a musical theme in the same unskilled manner, who loved his long crescendos and mighty fortissimos; but such remarks as Zelter's would check many in this course.

Mendelssohn never was blinded by such show, for he, throughout his whole artist life, confirmed the truth that effect produced by massing oftener represents dross than gold. His instrumentation is always ingenious and fine; even in the fortissimo no one instrument depresses the other. Melody predominates throughout. He resembles Mozart in many respects. Like this great composer, he shows the same happy calmness and serenity, the same

elevation and clearness; but neither he nor Mozart ever felt that hurricane of passion which swayed through Beethoven's soul. For this reason he never was successful in the execution of such compositions as the F minor Sonata by Beethoven, although a fine pianist. Franz Liszt played this piece once with such mighty power and passion, such eloquence and truth, as I never heard before, probably never shall hear again.

The genius of man is like a filter; nothing can enter or escape which is greater than its calibre. Yet no blame can be attached to Mendelssohn for this lack of depth of passion; on the contrary, had he felt otherwise than he did, an *Antigone* would never have been produced. This latter work was composed by him at the request of Frederick William IV. of Prussia, very distinguished critical judge of classic music, as well as friend and protector of all remarkable productions of art. This work stands isolated in its form and character, and some day will be acknowledged as the greatest of Mendelssohn's compositions. It should not be imitated, although a certain Mr. Taubert, Director of Music at Berlin, had the presumption to attempt it. He composed the "Medea of Euripides," and of course made a failure. A French philosopher said, "*Il faudrait que le hazard épousait de myriades des chances avant de compléter un insecte!*" I believe that myriads more would never create a genius. Taubert has composed some very pretty children-songs; but God said to him as to the ocean, "So far and no farther!"

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As a composer Mendelssohn was a star of the first magnitude in the firmament of art, one of those fixed lights which will never dim nor die.

An American Conservatorio.

From the Philadelphia Age, June 10.

VII.

We now come to speak of the Musical Fund Society, an institution which at one time promised to be of great utility in its department in this city. Its days of usefulness, we fear, are past, unless, indeed, it be possible to throw some life into the apparently dead organization, by stirring up its few surviving members to some effort such as that which now engages our attention.

The act of incorporation in the second section, orders that the essential objects of the said corporation shall be "the relief of decayed musicians and their families, and the cultivation of skill and diffusion of taste in music." As the present numerical force of the society is believed to be pretty well represented in the list of officers printed for 1870-71, and as there appear on it but the names of three professional musicians—who are the only members exposed to the elements of decay—it would seem that some attention might be given to the cultivation of skill; and to aid in some way the establishment of a conservatorio would probably advance this object more rapidly and perfectly than any other within reach; and most assuredly their beautiful and perfectly acoustic hall, unrivaled in the world perhaps, would contribute more to a "diffusion of taste in music," by being used as a conservatorio than as a ball-room. There was a time when this society had a school, and this authority was conferred upon it by an amendment approved February 22, 1823, which reads thus: "That the said society shall have the power to confer academic degrees in music. They shall also have the power to establish such schools for the cultivation of skill and of taste in music, both vocal and instrumental, as the managers may deem to be most efficient for these purposes."

Thus it is clearly shown that in Philadelphia we have two existing institutions which are not only authorized, but, by implication, enjoined to open schools of music. We do not know how far their non-compliance with the acts of their incorporation may go towards impairing the validity of their respective charters, nor do we wish to inquire; but, in common with many others, we would be glad to see them, either singly or conjointly, enter earnestly into this consummation most devoutly wished for, namely, the establishment of a positive, real conservatorio of music.

According to the by-laws of the Musical Fund Society, there is no inducement for a professor of music to become a member, even if the committee on admission did contain the name of one of their fraternity, and might report favorably on his application; for, as far as music is concerned, the Society is useless for its improvement, and its tariff of dues, benefits and fines is so burdensome upon the professional member that he would find himself better protected in a lodge of Odd Fellows. For instance: "Every professional member shall be subject to an annual contribution of ten dollars." Again, in case of disability, the "Board may then grant to the distressed member a weekly allowance not exceeding five dollars." In an Odd Fellows' lodge he would receive eight dollars per week. Yet again, "should a professional member die in needy circumstances, the Committee of Relief may give to his widow or executor a sum not exceeding thirty dollars to defray the expenses, and should the wife or any of the children of a professional member in needy circumstances die, the Committee on Relief may give such member a sum not exceeding ten dollars to assist in the funeral expenses." In an Odd Fellows' lodge sixty dollars would be voted to a member at the death of his wife, and at his own death his estate would receive one hundred dollars, and this without the humiliation of asking a charity from amateurs, who are dispensing money amassed by himself and his professional co-laborers. A professional member is liable to be fined, his membership is forfeited, as is also his claim on the fund, if he fall a year in arrears to the Society, and he must be three years in good standing before he can be an applicant for the charity that may be given to him. Observe the difference in the treatment by a lodge of Odd Fellows. His manhood is not insulted, and he receives his money as a right, and cannot refuse it. These distinctions are only cursorily glanced at to show that there is no inducement, even where there might be a desire for a respectable professor of music to offer himself for membership, and even then there would be small probability of election, for the Committee on Admission is composed entirely of amateurs, and two of these are dead.

We respectfully submit, that if the art is to be elevated, its professor must not be degraded. This is like loving the treason and despising the traitor. Can this Society any longer claim the sympathy of the public in its present comatose condition? Will it continue growing beautifully less in numbers until some future Oily Gammon, Esq., steps in, and, appointing himself on the committee that has "custody of the muniments of title," find some legal means to divert this beautiful and valuable property to his own use and possession? We would apply the remedies prescribed by the doctors in a case of coma, and would use the galvanic battery of public opinion to rouse these worthy gentlemen from their lethargy. This is a period of successful mergers, and we would pray for some musical Gowen or Scott, who would bring a railroad energy and enterprise into the artistic field, show us a way by which to combine the forces and resources of our noble institutions—in design at least, the Academy and the Fund, and upon them establish a Conservatoire that shall be a permanent and powerful institution for the cultivation and conservation of music in our midst.

Tamberlik and his Repertoire.

The great lyric artists of the day, and especially those of the old school, carry in their memory a vast number of operatic parts. Of our resident artists Cairoli and Gazzaniga possess the most extensive repertoires. Lagrange, who has a marvellous memory, includes in her *repertoire* all the prominent operas of the period. On the other hand there are artists who jog serenely along with a stock of half-a-dozen operas at the most. These are mostly young singers, who have pushed themselves upon the stage and find that, after all, the public demand less novelty in operatic entertainments than in any other class of public amusements.

Tamberlik has perhaps the largest repertoire of any living tenor, including some seventy different operas, of which the following is a tolerably complete list:

William Tell, the Prophet, Poliuto, The Hague-nots, The Jewess, L'Africaine, La Forza del Destino, Othello, Trovatore, Traviata, Don Juan, Ernani, Cenerentola, Benvenuto Cellini, Rolfa, Anna Bolena, Maria Padilla, Maria di Roban, Italiani in Algieri, Fidelio, Lombardi, Rigoletto, Freischütz, Giovanna d'Arco, Aroldo, Ballo in Maschera, Gemma di Verga, Parisina, Il Giuramento, Fra Diavolo,

La Marina Spagnola, Masmadieri, Semiramide, Linda di Chamounix, Il Barbiere, Prove d'un Opera Seria, Masaniello, Norma, Lucrezia Borgia, Romeo and Juliet, Sonnambula, Favorita, Il Bravo, Robert le Diable, Templario, Due Foscari, Martha, Mone-tari, Falsi, Faust, Paritani, Montanari, Svedesi, Regina di Cipro, Illustri Rivali, Le Pardon de Ploërmel, L'Ebreo, Beatrice di Tenda, Tramonte del Sole, Lucia di Lammermoor, Adelia, Il Proscritto, Idan-zata Corsa, Moise, Le Regina di Golconde, Saffo (by Gounod), Saffo (by Pacini), Marino Faliero, Vestale, L'Abate, Zampa, and Ama la Prie (by Battesta).

Among his greatest successes are *William Tell*, *Jean* in "Le Prophète" and the tenor part in "Le Pardon de Ploërmel," and while singing these in St. Petersburg, he received two decorations from the Emperor Nicholas, besides being appointed "chief singer of the court." In Paris his *Othello*, *Don Giovanni* and *Poliuto* were special favorites.

Some critics say that Tamberlik's voice has not retained its original freshness. This may be true, but certainly it is excusable in a man who has sung eighteen seasons in St. Petersburg, ten in Madrid, eight in London, seven in Paris, three in Lisbon, two in Barcelona, and we know not how many in the leading cities of Germany, Brazil, the Argentine Republic, Mexico and Cuba. It is rather singular that in all these journeys Tamberlik should have so long escaped New York, but he is most welcome here even now.—*Eve. Post.*

FAL, LA, LA.—A writer in a late number of *All the Year Round* has discovered that the seeming nonsense choruses of many old English ballads are in reality the remnants of the songs sung by the ancient Britons in the celebration of their sun-worship. "Fal, la, la" is written in Welsh, "fal là," fal meaning a circle or sun, and là a day, and both words expressing a completion of a day. As the Druids marched around their stone circles, like those still discernible at Stonehenge and on the Sussex Downs, they chanted their meaningful chorus, "Fal-là, fal-là" as the gods they worshipped sank behind the western hills. So "Down, down, derry down" in the original is "Dun, dun, daragan dun," and it means "To the hill, to the oaks, to the hill," and was therefore a call to worship. The old Puritan poet, George Withers, used another of these Druidical choruses in one of his pleasant ditties:

There was a lass, a fair one,
As fair as e'er was seen,
She was, indeed, a rare one,
Another Sheba Queen;
But fool, as then I was,
I thought she loved me true,
But now, alas! she's left me,
Fal, lero, lero, loo!

The original of this refrain was "Fal, lear, Iuadh dh," and it hailed the sun rising above the sea. "Tooral, tooral," "High trolley," and many other of these apparently meaningless burdens to old songs, have a similar curious origin.

HOW PIANOS ARE INJURED.—According to a prominent manufacturer, there are more pianos injured by improper tuning than by legitimate use and the consequent natural wear of the instruments. The frame of a good piano, fully strung and tuned, is made to resist a tension equal to about seven tons. This severe strain relaxes as the strings recede from the pitch, but is renewed when the piano is tuned; and it is frequently discovered, as a result of this repeated process, that the frame is bent or bellied; and, at the hands of an ignorant tuner, or one lacking good judgment, an instrument at this stage is soon injured beyond remedy. With reasonable use, a piano is expected to remain in good condition for seven years, and the best makers will so guarantee their instruments; but the incompetence and malpractice of certain so-called tuners sets the seal of destruction on thousands of instruments in from two to five years. The piano manufacturers advise purchasers to have their instruments tuned by representatives of the respective factories from which the pianos are sent, as they are aware of the terrible ordeal through which the instrument must pass at the hands of tuners of every degree of intelligence and ability. It is but a fair presumption that the makers of an instrument ought to know how to tune it properly and without injury to its most important parts; yet there are, comparatively, very few persons who profit by the well meant advice, an impression prevailing in some minds that the suggestion is not entirely disinterested, as the makers charge \$2 for tuning, while professional tuners and

the music stores ask but \$1.50, and some of the Bohemians but \$1. But were the matter fully and generally understood by the owners of pianos, they would consider it greatly to their interest, even in the light of an investment, to have their instruments tuned by parties in whose hands there is the least possibility of accident or injury.—*Scientific American.*

Madame Malibran, (1836).

[From the Memoirs of MOSCHELES.]

Malibran's protracted stay in London led to a close intimacy with the Moscheles, at whose house she was a constant visitor. She was married to De Bériot. Her sparkling genius, sunny cheerfulness, and never-failing spirit and humor contrasted forcibly with his apathy, not to say coldness, more especially as the two artists were constantly seen and judged together. Other singers may captivate by their art, and gifted and amiable women by their manners and conversation, but Malibran had magic power to lead us captives, body and soul. In Moscheles' house she had every one at her feet, the children looked on her as their own property, she alone knew the right way to play with the doll's house, and none other but Malibran had a certain black silk bag of irresistible attraction to the little ones. The contents of this bag were not, however, the common-place things—toys or sugar-plums—but a paint-box, paper, and brushes. She would come into the room, and the minute afterwards she would be down on the carpet with the children, letting them pull out everything, and then the picture-making began, and she would throw her whole energies into the work, and share the children's intense delight.

We quote from the diary of the 12th of June: "Sunday.—I began my day with setting Goethe's 'Meeresstille und Glückliche Fahrt' as a song for Malibran. We had great fun the other day, when she and De Bériot joined our early dinner. The conversation turned upon Gnecco's comic duet, which Malibran sang so frequently and charmingly with Lablache. Man and wife ridicule and abuse one another, caricaturing alternately each other's defects—when she came to the passage: 'La tua bocca è fatta apposta pel servizio della posta,' just like my mouth,' said Malibran, 'as broad as you please, and I'll just put this orange in, to prove it.' One must have known De Bériot to appreciate his amazement and agony at seeing his wife open her mouth wide, and discover two beautiful rows of teeth, behind which the orange disappears. Then she roared with laughter at her successful performance.

"She came at three o'clock; with her were Thalberg, Benedict, and Klingemann. We dined early, and immediately afterwards Malibran sat down to the piano, and 'sang for the children,' as she used to call it, the Rataplan and some of her father's Spanish songs; for want of a guitar accompaniment she used, while playing, every now and then to mark the rhythm on the board at the back of the keys. After singing with exquisite grace and charm a number of French and Italian romances of her own composition, she was relieved at the piano by Thalberg, who performed all manner of tricks on the instrument, snapping his fingers as an obligato to Viennese songs and waltzes. I played afterwards with reversed hands, and with my fists, and none laughed louder than Malibran. At five o'clock, we drove to the Zoological Gardens, and pushed our way for an hour with the fashionables. When we had had enough of man and beast, we took one more turn in the Park, and directly we got home Malibran sat down to the piano and sang for an hour. At last, however, she called out to Thalberg: 'Venez jouer quelque chose, j'ai besoin de me reposer,' her repose consisting in finishing a most charming landscape in water-colors, an art in which she was self-taught. Thalberg played by heart, and in a most masterly way, several of his 'Studies,' and fragments of a newly written Rondo; then my 'Studies,' 'Allegri di Bravura,' and 'G minor Concerto.' We had supper afterwards; there again it was Malibran who kept us all going. She gave us the richest imitations of Sir George Smart, the singers Knyvett, Braham, Phillips, and Vaughan, who had sung with her at a concert given by the Duchess of C.; taking off the fat Duchess herself, as she condescendingly patronized 'her' artists, and winding up with the cracked voice and nasal tones of Lady —, who inflicted 'Home, sweet Home' on the company. Suddenly her comic vein came to a full stop; then she gave in the thorough German style the scene from Freischütz, with German words, and a whole series of German songs by Mendelssohn,

pp
un poco piu lento.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * fp

Ped. * pp (3) (3) (3)

pp Ped.

rallent. Ped. LH pp una corda.

Ped. *

LITTLE FUGUE.

KLEINE FUGE.

R. Schumann, op. 68.

Prelude.

No. 40.

dimin.

1 2

Fugue.
Allegro ma non troppo.

The image shows six pages of a piano score. The top page is a title page with the text 'Antico' and 'no. 1' in the upper left corner. The music is in 6/8 time, with a key signature of two sharps. The first page features a treble clef and a bass clef, with dynamic markings 'p' and 'L.H.'. The subsequent pages show the continuation of the musical piece, with various dynamics like 'f', 'ff', and 'sf', and fingerings such as '1', '2', '3', '4', and '5' placed above and below the notes. The music consists of two staves, with the right hand playing the treble clef line and the left hand playing the bass clef line.

The image shows five staves of piano sheet music. The top staff is in 3/4 time, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The second staff is in 2/4 time, with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The third staff is in 3/4 time, with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The fourth staff is in 2/4 time, with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The fifth staff is in 3/4 time, with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The music consists of various note patterns, including sixteenth and eighth notes, with dynamic markings like 'sf' (fortissimo) and 'f' (forte). Fingerings are indicated above the notes in the treble clef staves.

Schubert, Weber, and my humble self; lastly, she took a turn with 'Don Juan,' being familiar not only with the music of Zerlina, her own part, but knowing by heart every note in the opera, which she could play and sing from beginning to end. She went on playing and singing alternately, until eleven o'clock, fresh to the last in voice and spirits. When she left us, we were all rapturous about her music, languages, painting; but what we liked best was her artlessness and amiability.

Moscheles composed for her a song with Klingemann's words: "Steigt der Mond auf" ("The moon rises.") She made him play to her constantly, knew several of his "Studies" by heart, and told us that her father made her practice them.

Moscheles, speaking in one of his letters of a concert at his own house, adds, "Malibran and De Bériot appeared at eleven o'clock, after our eighty guests had satisfied their musical appetite with English vocal music, solos by Lipinsky and Servais, and my own 'Concert Fantastique.' She looked weary, and, when she sang, one scarcely recognized Malibran, she was so voiceless. We only heard subsequently that she had been thrown from her horse, when riding in the park. Although suffering no injury, she had not yet recovered from the violent shock. She was soon herself, however, and sang two 'Freyschütz' scenes in German, a comic English duet with John Parry, three Spanish, Italian, and French songs, winding up with the duet, 'Cadence du Diable,' for herself and De Bériot, in which she prefaches his daring and marvellous violin passages with the words, 'Voyez comme le diable prélude.' The proper name of the piece is 'Le Songe de Tartini,' and the supposition being that the master has, in a dream, seen the devil, and heard him play the piece right through, every latitude is allowed for whims and eccentricities. When my wife showed some anxiety lest she should over-exert herself, she replied, 'Ma chère, je chanterais pour vous jusqu'à extinction de voix.' It was interesting to watch her raptures in listening to a duet composed and played by Benedict and De Bériot; certain passages in the work seemed to me possibly to have emanated from her pen. I was called on at the end of the evening to improvise; and that the comic element might be properly represented, young John Parry amused us with his masterly parody of the scene in the Wolfs Glen in the 'Freyschütz.' With a sheet of music rolled up, with one end in his mouth and the other resting on the music desk, he produced the deepest horn or trombone notes; his hands worked the keys, and his feet the tea-tray. There was the 'Wild Jagd' complete. Thalberg had a bad finger, and couldn't play; but he and De Bériot staid with us until three in the morning, gossiping and commenting on the events of the evening." On the 11th of May Moscheles is assisted by De Bériot at his concert given in the Italian Opera House. "I had an 'embarras de richesses'; besides the great star Malibran, there were Laplace, Grisi, and Clara Novello. I played a concerto of Bach's that had never been heard in England, and my own 'C minor Concerto.' It was a tremendous success for all concerned. After a performance of the 'Maid of Artois,' in which Malibran performed marvellously, we went to see her in her dressing-room. There she sat, surrounded by wreaths and an enormous bouquet in her hand. She talked and laughed with us, adding: 'Si vous vouliez me débarrasser de cette machine, c'est cet abominable Duc de Brunswick qui vient de me l'apporter,' and so saying, threw a colossal bouquet at me, which I caught. What must the abominable Duke have thought, when, a few moments later, he saw me mount my carriage and carry off his bouquet? For so it happened at the entrance-door of Drury Lane Theatre." The exertions of the famous artiste were incessant; for, independent of her three operatic performances per week, she was repeatedly engaged for morning and evening concerts, and accepted all sorts of invitations to fashionable breakfasts, fêtes champêtres, and private parties. To attend three parties on the same evening was a matter of constant occurrence. "On the 16th of July," writes Moscheles, "before the De Bériots started on their journey, we spent an hour with Malibran, by appointment; we found her at the piano, and Costa standing by her. She sang us a comic song that she had just composed: A sick man weary of life invokes death; but when death, personified by a doctor, knocks at the door, he dismisses him with scorn. She had set this subject so cleverly, and sang the music so humorously, that we could scarcely refrain from laughing; and yet we couldn't endure to lose a single note. After this she wrote in my album a charming French romance; this she

sang to us, and presented my wife with one of her original water-color landscapes. At last we parted; they went to Brussels for a few days, and returned to Manchester for the music festival, where she sang so bewitchingly, on the 20th of September, that the audience boisterously called for an encore. Malibran, already in a very dangerous state, and one requiring absolute rest and cessation from work, summoned all her remaining energies; after repeating her song and her inimitable shake on the high C, she fainted away and became unconscious. She was taken to the hotel; the doctor bled her, and she awoke to apparent consciousness; but alas! this only lasted till the 23d of September, when she died." "Expressions of sorrow are inadequate, for such a loss as this penetrates the whole world of art, and plunges into grief the more confined circle of her friends. I felt impelled to clothe my sorrow in sound, and composed a fantasia on Malibran's death."

Campanini's Career.

If the statements of Italian journals may be relied on, the boyhood of Sig. Italo Campanini was chequered by stirring adventure. When Garibaldi raised the standard of revolt at Marsala, a number of volunteers floated to his flag who in age were little more than boys. Some of them indeed would seem to be taken from the schoolroom. Still they formed a promising band, for Italians as a rule are sturdy and well-grown, and their southern strength shows itself in early age. Many of the combatants to whom, at the close of the campaign the Duchess Nendino distributed medals as rewards for their bravery and devotion, were only in the middle of their teens. It will be remembered that at the taking of Capua, shortly before the victory of the Garibaldian troops, some sharp fighting took place outside the fortress. Foremost among the valiant bands of volunteers, who resisted the force of the Bourbon soldiers, was a youth whose name ere long was destined to become a popular one. When King Bomba's cavalry charged in vain the small but solid squares of infantry, and were driven back and routed by the Garibaldians, this heroic boy—he was only fourteen—who had risen from the ranks to the post of sergeant—was conspicuous in the fight, and as a man still bears on him the scars of two sabre-cuts—one upon the right cheek and one on the neck—received in the defence of his cause.

His name was Italo Campanini. This occurred on the 1st of October, 1860. The young soldier, in spite of his wounds, fought through the day, but was speedily prevented from continued active service by a violent attack of intermittent fever, which almost cost him his life. From this time he devoted his energies to the cultivation of his remarkable musical abilities, studying with untiring perseverance. A mere accident had induced him to cultivate his voice. While singing with some friends at a social gathering, a musical authority who happened to be present, remarked on the special excellence and power of his voice, and strongly advised him to study. Campanini was naturally much impressed by these remarks, and manifested an earnest desire to become a proficient in the art of song. His parents were wise enough to offer no opposition to his wishes, and he studied with the industry that springs from enthusiasm. A native of Parma, at eighteen years of age he was received into the Conservatory of Music of that town, where he soon made himself a name as the most promising pupil of the institution. For two years he remained there, working steadfastly from six to eight hours every day, and taking special care not to tire his voice. When he was twenty years of age an *impresario* offered him an engagement for Russia. For some time Campanini questioned the wisdom of interrupting his studies, but the temptation was too great, and he consequently made his appearance in the small towns of Russia, Odessa, Karkoff, and Tiflis, as second tenor. The musical experiences of these unimportant Russian towns, must be of a curious and unsatisfactory character. Every singer, whether good or bad, opens his or her career in these provincial opera-houses. Those who subsequently succeed in the great capitals of Europe, and principally in London and Paris, never reappear on the scene of their original triumphs, while second and third-rate singers, finding themselves in the background on great stages, return to Odessa, Tiflis, and their companion towns, as stars. Campanini, as we have said, made his debut as second tenor, but was soon promoted to the dignity of first. He remained some three years in Russia, singing at night, and studying by day, with praiseworthy perseverance and energy. On leaving Russia, Campanini made his way to Milan, where he studied ardently under the celebrated Maestro Lamberti (who taught Mile. Alboni), reputed to be the first professor of music in Italy. His next appearance was in London, after Mr. Mapleson had secured him; and his achievements here are within the knowledge of our readers.

Musical Correspondence.

HARTFORD, CONN.—The performance of Haydn's "Creation," by the Beethoven Society of Hartford, on Thursday evening, Oct. 23, deserves more than a passing notice. The beautiful unity, balance and power of orchestra and chorus, the thorough attention to all the important details, and the soloists of high capacity and standing, ensured a glorious interpretation of this noble work.

There is nothing to be said except in praise of soloists, orchestra and chorus. The able conductor, Dr. J. G. BARNETT, performed his difficult task with rare judgment, grace and precision; he seemed to hold the whole performance at his command, and by his own happy conception communicated magnetically, as it were, to all before him the effects which they so ably and happily produced. The orchestra was composed of the best of Boston instrumentalists, assisted by some of whom Hartford may well feel proud, and their interpretation of the descriptive points was a charming success.

The soprano solos were all sung by Mme. RUDERSDORFF, who, as the work progressed, and the choral effects seemed to grow upon all, was more and more delightful in her singing, till in the third part she fairly outdid herself, receiving the warmest applause, and a most hearty encore for the duet, "By thee with bliss," which she felicitously repeated. She had expressed a preference for other oratorios, as being more to her taste for dramatic effect, but one could only wonder, if she sang so well in this what could she do in those. Mr. NELSON VARLEY sustained the tenor solos with the utmost grace and expression. It is rare that we hear an oratorio singer so nearly faultless, and this, not in regard to a fine solo, but in the entire work; he was fully alive to the beauties before him, and every note was a source of satisfaction. His rendering of the aria, "In Native Worth," is to be remembered for a lifetime. It called forth the most generous and hearty encore, to which he responded with great good humor and the happiest effect, even outdoing his first effort. Dr. GUILMETTE, as "Raphael," added one more wreath to the laurels he ever wins in oratorio music, and sang so superbly as to astonish his old friends. The breadth and grandeur of his tones, and the beautiful execution of difficult passages delighted all. In singing "Thro' silent vales the limpid brook," he went with utmost ease to D below the staff, with a clearness and *sostenuto* that thrilled the audience, and produced that powerful silence which is so satisfactory and complimentary to all who win it, while, in "Now heaven in fullest glory shone," his voice soared to F sharp with an *élan* that so electrified all, that it was with difficulty they could restrain the storm of applause which followed his last note. All this was assisted by a chorus whose attack was superb; and in the fugue movements and telling points of all the choruses, they were simply perfect, winning applause continuously, not only from the audience, but the most marked expressions of delight and satisfaction from the soloists and orchestra, who indeed did not hesitate to speak of their excelling any other choral society in the country. This coming from soloists whose experience is large in this and the old country, makes it a compliment and an opinion of no small weight.

The accomplished musician, Mr. GEO. W. STEELE, formerly of your city, is the pianist and organist to the Society; in mentioning which fact, we would add that his onerous and arduous duties are performed in the most thorough and acceptable manner.

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PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 8.—On Saturday afternoon, at Horticultural Hall, the first of the series of the Wolsieffer Orchestral Matinées was given. The hall was completely filled, and the performance was most satisfactory, especially in the Strauss Waltz, the beauty of it being the careful discrimination between *ritardandi* and *accelerandi*. I append the programme:

Symphony in C major, [“Jupiter”].....	Mozart.
Farewell.....	Laenge.
New Vienna Waltzes.....	Strauss.
Die Frau Meisterin. Overture.....	Suppe.
Zither Solo.....	Koelling.
“Czaar and Zimmermann. Potpourri.....	Lortzing.
Fantaisie “Long Ago”.....	Voigt.
Galop “Over sticks and stones”.....	Faust.

This you see is rather of a popular character, but the people that are drawn there by reason of this will always hear a symphony and one or more other standard works, and as the season wears on become more and more educated to the proper musical standard.

In the evening of the same day Mr. Gulemann gave the first of his series of six Classical Soirées of chamber music at the “Chickering Rooms.” Mr. G. contributed to the entertainment both with violin and piano solos. His principal performance upon the latter was Weber’s “Invitation à la Danse” (Taussig’s arrangement); and as far as the mechanical execution was concerned it was a successful effort, but the spirit was not present. The Beethoven (C minor) quartet, and the D minor Mendelssohn trio were delightfully given. The Maretzek Italian Opera Troupe are to give three performances next week, at the Academy, and on the 14th and 15th Theo. Thomas’s Orchestra are to give two concerts.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 15, 1873.

First Symphony Concert.

The ninth season opened on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 6, with the following programme:

Overture to “Der Freischütz”.....	Weber.
“Aria: “Dab, per questa istante solo,” from “La Clemenza di Tito”.....	Mozart.
Miss Clara Doria.	
**Piano-Forte Concerto [No. 4], in F minor, op. 19.	Sterndale Bennett.
Allegro.—Barcarolle.—Presto.	Ernst Perabo.

Songs, with Piano-Forte :	
a. **Requiem: “Requiescat in labore.” Old Latin Hymn, attributed to Héloïse. Op. 90.	Schumann.
b. Serenade: “Der Mond ist schlafen gegangen.” Op. 17.	R. Franz.
c. “Frühlingsnacht” [Spring Night], Op. 39.	Schumann.
Miss Clara Doria.	

Second Symphony, in D, Op. 36.....	Beethoven.
Adagio; Allegro con brio.—Larghetto.—Scherzo.	
—Allegro molto.	

Musically, the concert was an encouraging success; at all events it has called forth praises on all hands, and was evidently very much enjoyed by an attentive, cultivated and appreciative audience, in which it was pleasant to recognize so many faces associated with these musical memories of seasons gone before. It was a large audience for these times, although, by reason of the money “panic,” against which the concerts this time were not fortified by any private guaranty subscription among the members of the Harvard Association and their friends, not so large as usual. It would seem as if the “panic” came to show what virtue there was in the old method; while as to the choice of seats it is clear that the five hundredth or one thousandth chance is no more desirable under the free than it was under the exclusive system. Nothing but a music hall in which every seat is the best seat can ever meet the difficulty; but every listener can

make his seat the best if he be philosophically and truly musically disposed.

The orchestra, for a beginning, was in excellent condition. Here were nine good first violins, with AUGUST FRIES at their head, leading with fire and certainty, and the old concert-goers were glad indeed to see him once more after fifteen years. The middle strings sounded fuller than usual, and there were six ‘cellos, headed by WULF FRIES, and six double basses. The wind band is more satisfactory than ever before. The *Freischütz* Overture was an old story, to be sure; but as all the great standard overtures had been played over and over in these concerts, while this on the mere ground of familiarity had never figured in a single programme, it was thought to have a right to take its turn for once. And if its presence needed further justification, was it not found in the effective and impressive style in which it was performed? We often hear it but not often so.

The second Beethoven Symphony, if not one of the greatest of the immortal nine, is beautiful enough, inspired enough to share their immortality. After the No. 1, it must have been almost as wondrous a revelation and as great an advance, as was the “Eroica” coming after it. Broad, majestic, big with expectation, in the Introduction; stately, gracious, reassuring, cheering with a serious and a heavenly voice, in the lovely *Larghetto*; full of fresh, youthful fire and glowing fancy in all the lively movements; for a moment frolicsome and free, as if it were a dance of Pan and all his satyrs, in the rustic *Scherzo* and *Trio*; clear and perfect in its form throughout, full of felicities, and nowhere disappointing—it is too original and vital, too edifying and too full of genius, to be dismissed as simply “the least interesting” of the nine. Those who listened to the end (and they were nearly all,—there are impatient ones in every audience, whose minds are so preoccupied about their own next move, that they would run from the best and shortest entertainment, of whatever kind, before it is over) were certainly delighted and much raised in spirit by that music. Mr. ZERRAHN’s orchestra gave proof of having rehearsed it carefully, and the performance was mainly unexceptionable; though there was room for more relief of light and shade, more buoyancy of movement, especially in the *Larghetto*.

Miss DORIA sang the beautiful Aria of Sextus in *La Clemenza di Tito*, in a clear, sweet, even voice, with a finished elegance of execution, and a sincere and chaste, not cold, expression, which wins the heart more truly than the affected and exaggerated Italian Opera sort of “passion.” Mozart’s orchestral accompaniment, too, is very beautiful. In her songs with piano (Mr. DRESEL’s masterly accompaniment), she was not in her best voice, suffering from chill in an unwarmed room between the parts; nevertheless she sang them with a most refined and pure expression, and their charm was felt. The Schumann “Requiem” proved less suited to the great hall than the two smaller pieces; it really is very beautiful, with a certain mediæval low tone of antiquity in its melody, and the ceaseless murmur of harp-like accompaniment; but it must be heard in a small room in the circle of a few. The most effective was the “Frühlingsnacht.”

Of the Bennett Concerto, Schumann (who had not heard it with orchestra—and the instrumentation is a great part of its charm) wrote:—“Its form is the old one in three movements, the key F minor, the character inclined to serious, not gloomy. A friendly Barcarole leads from the first movement to the last; and this particularly, I hear, won the hearts to the Concerto, when the composer played it here in Leipzig. In a different sense from that in which other composers wittily assert it, the water

plays a leading part in Bennett’s compositions, as if even here the Englishman could not deny himself. This Barcarole, which must have a charming effect with the orchestra, groups itself with his most successful works: the “Naiades” Overture, those masterly sketches “The Lake,”—“The Forest Brook,”—the “Fountain.” The other movements offer nothing new in their form, or rather, they do not seek the new in what is striking, but rather in something unpretentious; thus Bennett at the end of the *soliloquy*, where in other concertos trills gush forth upon trills, lets the trills break off and softly die away, as if he even wished to hinder the applause. Nowhere in the whole Concerto is there any *eye to bravura* and the clapping of hands: only the composition is to show itself, the *virtuosity of the player* is a secondary matter, a thing presupposed. New mechanical combinations, *finger tasks*, you do not find in it, although for its execution it demands a master, more in a musical than a technical sense,—one who understands how now to subordinate himself to the orchestra, and now to control it. Beautiful melodies abound in it; the forms are charming and flowing, as they always are in Bennett’s compositions. The last movement, contrary to the composer’s individuality, becomes more humoristic; but his lyrical nature breaks through even here at last.”

Schumann was a generous critic in those days (1840); whether he would have written in the same strain ten years later? The Concerto certainly is beautiful and graceful; there is a certain delicate, romantic vein of sentiment pervading it; the Barcarole especially is fascinating to almost any audience; while there are fine ideas, wrought out consistently and genially in the two quick movements, and enriched with much wealth of orchestral coloring. The long orchestral introduction enlisted our attention soon, and held it, and one felt that there was something well worth hearing throughout the whole movement. A great deal of subtle fire and brilliancy likewise in the *Presto* finale. Yet, like so many things by Bennett, it begins to pall somewhat upon repeated hearings; it is a plausible, graceful work, but not a very earnest one; its sentiment is not the healthiest and strongest; you feel, for instance, in that Barcarole, with its witching little figures (which the pianist touched so exquisitely) that he is coqueting with the easy sensibilities of an audience and only flattering the ear. Hear the Schumann, not to say a Beethoven, Concerto after it! But for once, at least, it was a very interesting work to hear,—considering, too, that the round of really great Concertos is quite limited, and has been traversed over and over in these Symphony Concerts. Mr. PERABO’s interpretation was good enough to satisfy the most exacting taste; clear and elegant throughout, full of all needed power as well as delicacy; alike in technique and in feeling and conception all that could be wished. He seemed to be in remarkably good condition, physically and mentally, and never did himself more justice. Bennett’s work, however it may wear intrinsically, did not suffer in his hands. And the orchestra did their part well.

The second concert (next Thursday) will open with the *Egmont* Overture, and the Symphony will be the magnificent No. 1, in B flat, by Schumann. The other instrumental pieces will be the exquisite *Nocturne* from the “Midsummer Night’s Dream” music, and for a novelty, Mozart’s *Sinfonia Concertante* for Violin and Viola, played by Messrs. C. N. ALLEN and H. HEINDL. Mr. NELSON VARLEY will sing the tenor song: “When the evening bells,” with orchestra, from Mendelssohn’s *Heimkehr aus der Fremde*, and Beethoven’s “Adelaide,” with Mr. DRESEL’s accompaniment.

Italian Opera.

The Maretzek company have done a losing business here. Yet their fortnight’s season, ending last Saturday, was not without its encouraging symptoms for the cause of Art. In the first place it was

so significantly let alone, by even the most frivolous fashionable habitués, that one begins to believe that Opera in Boston, after all, has got to be artistically good in order to command full houses at extravagantly high prices; the poorest combination, skilfully advertised, has seldom failed before to do that for a brief season shrewdly well timed. To be sure, now, the *hard times* have been one main cause of the empty houses; but fashionable ambition pays high prices even when the times are hardest; and this time it was plain to see that a marked dissatisfaction with the quality of the articles had much to do with the dulness of the market. The impression had got about that, while the troupe had a great lyric soprano in Mme. LUCCA, a remarkably brilliant vocalist, a clever actress in her way, in Mme. ILMA DI MURSKA, one of the world's greatest tenors, far on the wane in voice, but perfect yet in art and style, in TAMBERLIK, and a most conscientious, noble, satisfying basso in M. JAMET, yet the secondary members of the troupe were generally poor, and slovenly indifference and discord characterized nearly every performance as a whole; indeed there was no whole. It is encouraging, we say, when our public signifies so pointedly that it has come to a perception of all this. We wish we could be equally sure that it had grown sick, not only of bad performances, but also of bad operas, and that the *Trovatores*, *Traviatas*, *Favoritas*, *Poliottos*, and the like, had really begun to be synonymous with empty houses, so that great artists would no longer care to sing in them.

Again, the season has been encouraging in that it has called forth a hitherto unwonted degree of fearless, searching criticism in the daily press. From the old mood of easy praise for almost everything, behold the weathercock has suddenly and sharply veered round to a persistent stiff northwester. Day by day the critics have implacably found all the fault they could consistently with praise of individuals; and naturally, in this sacred furor, they have seemed to us sometimes to go too far. Thus so execrable did they find the whole performance of the *Magic Flute*, in each and every particular, (except di Murska's execution of the high bravura phrases in the music of the Queen of Night, and Jamet's grand impersonation of Sarastro, and Mme. RUDERSDORFF's remarkable resumption, at two days warning, of the young part of Pamina, which she had not sung for fifteen years, and then always in German,)—that the inference was that the exquisite, and in the last act sublime, music had better go unheard, than heard so caricatured. Now for our part, sitting as we did where distance helped out the illusion, and in spite of the dreadful discord of the "drei Damen" and "drei Knaben," and the utter helplessness of the "two armed men" in their choral, we did feel something of the power of Mozart, and thought to ourselves how much better is a bad performance of such a work, than the most effective and complete one, with all the singers at full swing, in a screaming, brutal *Trovatore*!

We did not witness the performance of *Don Giovanni*, which opera (another encouraging symptom of the public taste) did draw the one full house of the season. But we can well imagine what a natural, outright and musical Zerlina Lucca must have been; and now finely the difficult and important music of Elvira must have suited Mme. di Murska; how musically, artistically and expressively Tamberlik can still sing "*Il mio tesoro*" and all the part of Don Ottavio; how clever Jamet's Leporello was, since he is good in everything, whatever may have been the *Don Giovanni* and the *Donna Anna*;—why not Mme. Rudersdorff also in that?—We did see *Lucia*, and we had something of the old pathetic spell of that most hackneyed sentimental opera re-

vived to us for once by the admirable singing and acting of both Murska and Tamberlik. The great tenor revealed in the first phrases of his recitative the perfect style; and throughout all was so refined, expressive, thoroughly artistic, that you enjoyed it, in spite of the shortcomings of a voice in its decay. He never makes a sound that is at all harsh or unpleasant; all is musical and sweet so far as it goes; it is only that he must abstain sometimes from the attempt at strong, full utterance; some tones are rather indicated than delivered outright; and by so saving himself he has power at command for critical moments where it tells as if he were still in his prime. The dying scene of *Edgardo* became fresh and beautiful in his pure, fervent rendering.—*Rarely too have we heard the tenor music so well sung in *Martha**, as it was sung by Tamberlik, admirably seconded in the bass part of *farmer Plunkett* by Jamet, while "*Mi-Lady*" was charmingly sung and acted by di Murska, nor was the *Nancy* of Mme. TESTA without merit.—In *La Favorita*, too,—coarse and senseless as so much of that music is, and the whole thing sensational, it was worth a journey to witness anything so fine as Lucca's full-throated, whole-hearted, outright, superb song and action in the last scene; you feel her realism and doubt if she be poetic or imaginative in the more quiet scenes; but she is equal to the great crises, and in this direct, impassioned, generous out-pouring from seemingly exhaustless springs of rich, full, musical and thrilling tone, accompanied by action which seems born of and with the music, there certainly is something that affects the imagination and the feeling very strongly, so that the world for the time being is most marvellously transformed to you.

FRIEDRICH WIECK.—This much esteemed *Altmeister* among piano as well as singing teachers, the father of Mme. Clara Schumann, died at Loschwitz, near Dresden, on the 6th ult., in the 89th year of his age. He seems to have died of age, and not of sickness. Born Aug. 18th, 1785, in Pretzsch, he was at first destined to Theology, attended the school at Torgau, and in 1803 entered the University at Wittenberg, where he studied Theology until 1809, and at the same time zealously pursued the study of music (without a teacher), and practised on the harp, pianoforte, violin, horn and double-bass. Failing of an appointment as preacher, he became a private instructor; for nine years he was thus occupied in noble families, when he conceived the idea of establishing a musical instrument store in Leipzig, with which he united an institution for the loan of instruments and music. He also gave piano lessons, beginning with the Logier system, which he afterwards gave up for a system of his own.

As a teacher, Wieck's place cannot be supplied. He possessed in the highest degree the gift of characteristically adapting his teaching to the individual scholar; while all his pupils, whether endowed with more or less talent, learned strict discipline, an earnest aim in art, and the cleanest technique. Witness the results in Clara Schumann, and his second daughter, Marie Wieck. A host of other prominent musicians can attest the genius of "Old Wieck," whose sarcasm, sharp, quick insight and originality have made him a popular figure in the musical world. As a teacher of singing Henriette Sontag esteemed him "the first of our time." He was before the great crowd of musicians and friends of music in seizing with enthusiasm upon important new works, but little understood, which made their appearance in musical literature. He was the first in Germany to bring out (through his daughter Clara) the compositions of Chopin and of Schumann in public concerts.

When Robert Schumann came from the gymnasium to Leipzig in 1828, to study Jurisprudence, Wieck became his musical teacher, and here it was that Schumann first became acquainted with his future wife. The house was the social centre of all true musical artists until the year 1840, when Wieck made some concert tours with Clara, and then settled down in Dresden, where he has ever since worked

indefatigably as a teacher in music and in song according to his own rational method. The rich treasures of knowledge and experience were embodied in a book which he published in 1853, called "*Clavier und Gesang*" (Piano and Singing). Also the earlier volumes of the *Signale* contain contributions from his pen, mostly over the signature "Daa" ("der alte Schulmeister.")

For several years he has lived during the summer months at Loschwitz, cheerful and active to the last, arranging-concerts, interested in everything connected with music and its disciples. On the very day before his death he had been celebrating the birthday of his wife in the trusty circle of old friends.

—We have some reminiscences of our own of the old music-master. It was in the autumn of 1860, when Mme. Schumann was giving concerts there in Dresden with Joachim, the great violinist. With the latter we had been introduced one evening into a genial circle of musicians, after which, we find it jotted down as follows:

"We go out into the moonlight, and, turning some dark corners—my companion leading—enter one of those smoke holes, swarming with beer-drinking life and laughter, distributed about in which, according to affinities, you may find the larger part of the intellectual, as well as the duller male population, on any evening, in every city of Germany. The object is to find an old man who is supposed to be *Knorp* here, and who, in his way, is quite a character. And presently there rose through the cigar smoke, in the further corner, the white head of a tall and rather courtly personage,—high intellectual forehead, strong profile—a face combining severity with companionable humor and a spice of drollery even—who greeted us very cordially, and entered eagerly into talk about *America*, and about the musical signs of the times, the old school and the new, &c. Plainly an oracle amongst his younger *con-sodales* in that corner, most of whom appeared to be musical. This was father Wieck, fond of having his own way evidently, but genial, witty, and proud (as he might be) of his daughters, Clara Schumann and the *Fraulein* Marie. He knows well what is good in music; is a sharp, true critic, and is still, as he long has been, one of the very best teachers of the piano living. Princes seek his tuition for their daughters, and pay him princely prices; and that his method is a good one, he has at least two notable examples in his own family to show. He is a thinker and not a mere man of routine; and he carries himself not only with dignity, but with the freshness of youth still; good for conviviality and good for work. The old man and our strong young violinist were evidently on the best of terms together. It was pleasant to see them; and so it was to see with what a mixture of admiring affection and respect the young men would address their questions and remarks to the "Herr Concertmeister," as Joachim is styled at the court of Hanover, where he controls the music upon terms worthy of the independent spirit of an artist, and does not have to drudge in royal church and theatre like the Kapellmeisters of Dresden and most German courts.

Again, a few evenings later:

The concert over, now imagine a very pleasant, sociable symposium in an upper room of this same nice Hotel de Saxe. It is a genuine German sit-down, where everybody is expected to be just as free and happy as he can. It is at once an artist and a family *Gesellschaft*. All of the Wieck and Schumann representatives are there, who chance to be at hand. But the Amphitryon is our hero of the violin, who would insist upon the mountain's coming to Mahomet. We are a dozen all told. Three generations of that musical family of Dresden represented. A right German party! But it is not complete, the younger branches are not happy, nothing can go on, until the grandpa is found, dragged from his *Knorp*, led in in triumph and installed with all due honor and uproarious rejoicing at the head of the table. Then all are very happy; the middle-aged and youngest very talkative and jocular, and the dear old lady looks a deal of silent happiness; and Altmeister Wieck is very wise and fatherly and witty in his chair of state, and jokes about the *Wunderkindervater*, as the father and the teacher of two such artists as Clara and Marie, with such a son-in-law as Robert Schumann, may well call himself. Not a few sharp criticisms he drops, too, on the new school music—all in fun of course! And very comical and to the point are some of his illustrations of prevailing tricks in fashionable false schools of singing. For this old man possesses the true art of disciplining the voice as well as the fingers. The daughter Marie, who is full of generous good nature and good sense, as well as musical talent, is a fine singer, has a rich mezzo-soprano admirably developed, and sang one evening in my hearing Mendelssohn's *Auf Flügeln des Gesanges*, and that impassioned song of Beethoven, to Goethe's verses, *Herz, mein Herz*, in a way to make them felt. Good for the *Wunderkindervater*! Health!

Music Abroad.

LEIPZIG.—The second Gewandhaus Concert, Oct. 9th, offered: Schumann's Overture to Schiller's "Bride of Messina;" Violin Concerto (No. 22) by Viotti, played by Carl Bargheer, Kapellmeister at Detmold; Aria from Glinka's "Life for the Czar," sung by Frau Larowska from St. Petersburg; Adagio and Allegro from the violin Concerto in G minor by Spohr; Songs: "Death and the Young Girl," by Schubert, and "Ich grölle nicht," by Schumann; seventh Symphony by Beethoven.

In the 3d concert Miss Anna Mehlig played the F-minor Concerto of Chopin. The Symphony was Schumann's "Cologne."

BERLIN.—The Singacademie includes in prospectus for the winter Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," Handel's "Solomon," Bach's "O Shepherd of Israel," and Cherubini's Mass in D minor.

PESTH.—The chorus will consist of 400 persons and the band of 150 at the approaching performance of the Abbate Franz Liszt's oratorio, *Christus*. Herr Hans Richter will be the conductor. From statistical returns just published concerning the National Theatre, we learn that, from the opening of the building down to the present time, no less than 344 original dramas by 89 different authors have been represented on some 3,800 evenings. Opera is more attractive than drama. This has been especially the case during the series of starring performances given by Miss Minnie Hauck. The young lady has been re-engaged for this month and the next. She sings seven times a month here and twice in Ofen. She will also appear in a Magyar "original opera," and great things are predicted of her in it. She will sustain the character of Maria Gara in Erkel's *Hunyida Lasslo*.

PARIS.—The Popular Concerts recommenced on Sunday under M. Pasdeloup. The programme was:—Overture, "Euryanthe" [Weber]; Symphony in D minor [Schumann]; Suite d'Orchestre [L. Massenet]; Russian air, "Kamarinskaya" [Glinka]; Symphony in C minor [Beethoven].

The Italian Opera will produce this season Ciro Pinelli's "Merchant of Venice;" Gomez's "Il Guarany;" by Fumagalli; "Maria Antonietta," by Badiali; and Petrella's "Confessa d'Amaffi."

LONDON. The *Musical World* (Oct. 18) assures its readers:

Our musical institutions are rapidly unfolding their plans for the coming season. Three schemes are now before us, and each is worth looking at. We will begin with the scheme of the Albert Hall Choral Society.

Mr. Barnby (representing the "managers") proposes to give eleven concerts, beginning on Thursday, October 30, and ending on Thursday, March 19. The band and chorus are to number 1,200 performers, and among the artists engaged are Mme. Sherrington, Alvsleben, and Patey, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Cummings, Agnesi, and "Signor" Perkin. But we are more concerned about the works to be given than about the number, or even the quality of the givers. The list is a good one, and remains a good one when the standard items are taken away. Eliminate *Elijah*, the *Creation*, the *Messiah*, *Israel in Egypt*, the *Stabat Mater*, and the *Lobgesang*; there are still left *Theodora*, Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* and *Passion*, Macfarren's *Outward Bound*, Mendelssohn's *Psalm*, "When Israel out of Egypt came," Hiller's *Song of Victory*, Gounod's *Gallia*, and *St. Paul*. It is not enough to say that each one of these deserves hearing now—each one ought to have had hearings many in time past. But "better late than never;" and if Mr. Barnby can carry out all the promise of his prospectus, he will deserve the sincere gratitude of music-lovers in general, and of those who are anxious to extend the repertory of accepted classical works in particular. Not a word need be said to create an interest in *Theodo-*

ra, the *Christmas Oratorio* or *St. Paul*; such names as those of Bach, Handel, and Mendelssohn being recommendation sufficient; but the case is different with regard to some of their companions. Macfarren's *Outward Bound*, for example, has been neglected—not *strangely* neglected, we are sorry to add—since its production at the Norwich Festival last year. Such a work, by such a musician, ought not to drop into limbo; and those who know the merit of the composer, even if they are ignorant of his cantata, will rejoice to find that both are to receive a measure of justice. Hiller's *Song of Victory*, produced at the Cologne Festival of 1871, has never been performed in England, though it is unquestionably one of the veteran composer's finest choral works, if not the finest absolutely. It was written under the influence of the astounding German victories in the late war, and reflects the powerful excitement of the time and the occasion, just as, in another way, M. Gounod's pathetic *Gallia* embodies the grief and desolation of a stricken people. Both compositions ought to endure as works of art, and without reference to their interest as memorials, for which reason we are glad to see both in Mr. Barnby's scheme. The prospectus adds that nightly performances of sacred music will again take place during Passion Week; the John *Passion* alternating with that according to St. Matthew. On the whole, the Albert Hall Society bids fair to increase by a great deal the reputation it has acquired since Mr. Barnby's appointment as conductor.

The Council of the Wagner Society have just announced the plan of their second season, from which it is easy to gather that they found the position at first taken up quite untenable. We are not in the least surprised. A Society devoted to the concert-room performance of Wagner's music exclusively could not exist. Its speedy death from inanition would be inevitable for the simple reason that but little of Wagner's music is adapted for presentation off the stage—how little is seen at once in the fact that the selections now promised are chiefly those given again and again during the first season. The Council have done wisely therefore to "lengthen their cords" and take in "the great classical masters" from Sebastian Bach to the present time. Of course the result is to lose Wagner in a crowd of greater men, but we presume this will be looked upon as a lesser evil than the extinction of the Society. Appealing, as it now does, to the indisputable claims of high art in general, and not to the questionable pretensions of a single individual in particular, we may promise the Society a hearty support. The list of "works intended to be performed" is rich in admitted excellence and in attractive novelty. With such a scheme, such an orchestra as that of last season, and such a capital director as Mr. Dannreuther, the Wagner Society ought to flourish, even in spite of its name. We observe, with special gratification, that the profits of all seasons after the present will be devoted to the foundation of a scholarship for English students of music.

The new season of M. Gounod's choir is to include five concerts, with, if possible, a full orchestra and chorus. M. Gounod will, therefore, have the rare advantage of presenting his works in their complete form; and we may expect to hear his new music to Barbier's *Jeanne D'Arc*, his *Messe Solemnelle*, with a new offertory, his two symphonies, and numerous other examples of his genius. However M. Gounod may have exercised the minds of the musical public lately, it is certain that all will join in wishing success to the scheme now in his hands.

A committee of London gentlemen have issued a proposal for the representation of a series of ancient Italian operas, to be given under the direction of Signor Monari Rocca, the spirited buffo singer. Among the operas will be Paisiello's "Il Barbiere," Pergolesi's "La Serva Padrona," Cimarosa's "Gianina e Cernadone," and Rossini's "Turco in Italia." The St. James's Theatre is spoken of in connection with this enterprise. The subscription is £12 12s. for forty nights.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Esmeralda. 4. Ab or F to g. Levey. 50

"Esmeralda! Gitana! Zingara!"
Very showy concert song. Published in two keys for voices of varying compass.

Love's Requital. 3. E to e. Gabriel. 40

"Never, O, never a word did she speak,
But raised her sweet eyes with a smile."
Very pathetic and beautiful.

Roses. 2. G to d. Hoag. 30

"A child sleeps under a rose bush fair,
The buds swell out in the soft May air."
Full of the spirit of rose-time. Graceful and musical.

I await thee, my darling. 3. A to e. Hoag. 30

"I await thee, my darling,
In Hope's happy dreaming."
A sweet love-song.

Eyes of the Past. 3. F to f. Dinsmore. 30

"Clasps of the hand—in days of old,
Dearer by far—than greetings new."

There is a curious "intercepted" movement, which is original and pleasing, and which imparts a declamatory nature to the music.

Sea Swallows. 3. F to f. Gabriel. 40

"Oh! if this be so, lend me thy wing,
That round his neck I still may cling."
Full of pathos and deep expression.

Violets in the Snow. 3. G to e. Tours. 35

"The maiden blushed—and smiled,
And to her lips the cold flowers pressed."

A very pretty idea. The lover leaves violets at his lady's window each winter morning. Good melody.

My Heart is still in Michigan. S'g and Cho. 3. Webster. 35

"Ab to e.
In dreams the dear old roses blow."
One would hardly choose "Michigan" as a word to sing, but still it is here so well managed that the piece will generally provoke an encore.

Beneath yon beauteous Star. 3. D to e. Carpenter. 30

"It shines the same for all."
Adapted to the music of the "Murska Waltz," and is of course very sweet.

Mamma, come sing me to sleep. S'g & Cho. 3. Bb to f. Hunley. 30

"I cannot in slumber repose
Until I have heard your sweet song."
A child's slumber song, which mothers will like to hear.

Instrumental.

La Danza. Tarantelle Neapolitana. 5. C. S. Smith. 75

Played with true Tarantella rapidity, it may possibly be of the 6th degree of difficulty. As an instrumental piece it is just what "Figaro, Figaro!" is in singing. Moves rapidly, is "Jolly" and a most capital exercise for the fingers.

Bohemian Girl. Potpourri. 4. Cromer. 75

Brilliant arrangement of "Come with the Gipsy Bride" and a few other favorite airs.

Polonaise. 6. D. Teresa Carreno. 75

Teresa's talents as composer are of no mean order, and this Polonaise should be a great success as an exhibition piece.

Triplet Polka. 3. F. Foz. 35

Triplets are the noticeable things, and they are very skilfully used, so as to produce a very novel and pleasing effect.

Katy Galop. 3. C. Stuckenholz. 30

The ladies, to whom it is dedicated, should feel complimented, as it is really quite taking.

Carnival Scenes. (Carnivalsbilder). 3. Strauss. 65

Nobody has contributed more to the gayety of Carnivals than Strauss, and therefore no one has a better right to the above title.

Yachtman's Song. 4. Ab. Wels. 40

A wide-awake, cheerful song, which would ring merrily over the blue waves, but here rendered without words.

La Murska Waltz. 3. Godfrey. 40

Godfrey's "smooth" style is recognized throughout, and recalls pleasant memories of the magnificent playing of his band. There are 4 fine waltzes in the set.

Aida Potpourri. 5. Wels. 75

A half wild "Arabie" character to the music, which, with this brilliant arrangement, cannot fail to be effective.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter: as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

